

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

"Fruit-a-lives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers"

ROCHON, QUE., March 2nd, 1915.
"I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-lives'. I suffered for years from Rheumatism and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and it was the only medicine that really did me good. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try 'Fruit-a-lives'. MADAME ISALE ROCHON.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Honor Roll, C Company 149 Batt

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A SENSIBLE way to dispose of fallen leaves, of which there will be any quantity presently, is to dig them into your garden. The soil needs them.

SEVERE BRONCHIAL COLD Yields To Delicious Vinol

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Last fall I was troubled with a very severe bronchial cold, headaches, backache, and sick to my stomach. I was so bad I became alarmed and tried several medicines, also a doctor, but did not get any relief. A friend asked me to try Vinol and it brought the relief which I craved, so now I am enjoying perfect health."
JACK C. SINGLTON.
We guarantee Vinol for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

Taylor & Son, Druggists, Watford, Ont., also at the best druggists in all Ontario towns.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 3..... 11 19 a.m.
Accommodation, 88..... 6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80..... 7 48 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 2..... 3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent, Watford.

LOVE AT SIGHT

Story of a Heroic Mexican Girl and a Yankee.

By F. A. MITCHEL

The Sierra Tarabumate range of mountains runs in a southeasterly direction through the Mexican state of Chihuahua. James Jernegan, a young American engineer, was called to a certain point in these mountains to build a dam on one of its streams with a view to utilizing the water power.

The nearest house to where his work was located was the home of a Mexican woman named Cavillo. Jernegan persuaded her to take him to board during his sojourn and was thus fortunate in escaping the necessity of camping. The house overlooked an extended territory beneath, and from its veranda one might gaze on a very attractive view. The grounds were not inclosed, and the whole mountain side might be considered as belonging to the place. Everything was kept tidy and was in better condition than might have been expected of a mountaineer's residence.

On the evening of Jernegan's arrival a little table was set for him on the veranda for his supper. On taking his seat he was regretting that he must sup alone when a girl dressed in the costume of the country appeared, bringing the viands.

"Oh!" he said to himself. "If I can have no one to sup with me I can at least have this little senorita to wait upon me, and I shall contrive to keep her with me as much as possible."

The girl, who was the daughter of Senora Cavillo and whose name was Inez, laid the dishes on the table and was about to depart when Jernegan, who spoke Spanish indifferently, said to her:

"I feel much honored, senorita, at having a pretty girl to wait on me. It would be much more fitting that I wait on you. However, since you have assumed the duty I beg that you will not be beyond call, for there may be something that I shall need which is not on the table."

The girl, who had never before listened to such deferential words from a man, was too confused and delighted to at once reply. A quick succession of blushes passed over her face, her eyes sparkled, and a happy smile played upon her lips.

"Ah, senor," she said presently, "it would not be proper for you to wait upon me, and it makes me very happy to wait upon you. If you want anything I will be within call."

There is no greater danger than for a man of superior caste to go among his inferiors and become involved with one of their women folk, especially if she be an attractive young girl. Jernegan, observing the effect of his words upon Inez, felt the necessity of caution. But it is one thing to feel a necessity for resisting a temptation and another to resist. He suffered the girl to go into a room opening on the veranda, but did not let her remain long there. He called:

"Senorita?"

"I am coming, senor." And from the few seconds occupied in her appearance it was evident that she had not been far away. Indeed, she was looking through a lace curtain that covered the opening between her and the handsome American. Those who believe that love must have time to take root and grow have never seen a country girl suddenly confronted by a handsome gentleman. In such instances the girl is liable to throw up her hands in token of surrender at a glance. At any rate, such was the case with Inez.

"Could you bring me some more tamales?" asked Jernegan in a tone of voice that he would have used to a superior being.

"Yes, senor."

When she returned with what he had asked for he suggested that if she would take a chair on the veranda she would not have to tire herself by coming to him, as though she had a long distance instead of a few steps to come to him. She accepted the suggestion and sat down in a bamboo rocking chair near him.

Now, there was a swarthy young Mexican who the very evening before had secured the little girl's promise to become his wife. He was a rough mountaineer and not very clean, but he was the best Inez had ever seen, and she was sixteen, and that is a proper age for a Mexican girl to marry. Jernegan had swept her away from this man, Manuel Corall, in a twinkling. It is questionable if after coming under the influence of the former she gave the latter a thought.

ROYAL YEAST MAKES PERFECT BREAD

Nevertheless Corall was coming to pass the first evening after his betrothal with his promised wife. Inez was so wrapt in her companion that she did not hear Manuel coming. But he saw her sitting on the veranda, saw the gringo eating at the table and Inez's eyes resting upon him with a look of idolatry. Corall saw at a glance that the hated American had swooped down like an eagle from the sky to carry off the lamb that he had supposed had belonged to himself.

Corall paused, hid himself behind a bush and looked. He had already seen enough to tell him that this being, superior to himself in refinement, in intellect, in manly beauty, had taken the heart that had belonged to him. What the gringo would do with it did not concern the Mexican. He was absorbed in vengeance. Resisting the temptation to rush upon the man who had dispossessed him, he finally slunk away, resolved to wait an opportunity to take his revenge without its reacting upon himself.

Jernegan, having finished his supper and smoked, went to the camp where the men who were to construct the dam were to begin work the next morning. There in conference with the superintendent Inez passed from his mind. It was 10 o'clock when he returned to Senora Cavillo's. The inmates were all in their rooms, but the house was open as it had been during the day, for the weather was warm, and, being remote from other places and persons, the doors were never shut at night. The only light on the main floor was one in the living room opening on to the veranda.

The engineer sat down on a bench on the veranda and was thinking of a problem that had arisen in connection with the construction of the dam when he saw the shadow of a human figure in the room behind him and heard a voice say:

"Senor, thinking you might need refreshment I have iced some wine for you."

"Ah, senorita; always kind and thoughtful! I will drink the wine on condition that you drink it with me."

Inez brought out a tray on which was a small pitcher of a beverage she had concocted, and, drawing a table before the bench, the two sat down on the bench to regale themselves.

They had been seated some time and had emptied the pitcher. Jernegan's arm was around Inez's waist. On the table before them suddenly appeared the shadow of a head, then of a pair of shoulders. Lastly a shadow of an arm rose from the rest. Inez gave a shriek and, springing up, covered her companion with the upper part of her body. A blow descended upon her, and she sank down on to the floor.

Jernegan rose, turned and saw a Mexican holding a knife in his hand from which blood dripped. From this he cast a glance at the sinking Inez and took to the situation. An intention to kill him had been thwarted by her receiving the blow that had been meant for him. Seizing the only weapon at hand, the earthen pitcher on the table, he hurled it with all his strength through the window. It struck his opponent in the temple, and he fell senseless to the floor.

Forgetting his existence, Jernegan stooped, took up Inez and held her in his arms. Notwithstanding a severe wound in her shoulder she had not lost consciousness. She looked up at him with a smile that spoke volumes. She had received the blow that might have killed the man she loved.

Her shriek brought down her mother from the floor above and others. Senora Cavillo glanced at the figure of the would be murderer stretched on the floor with the bloody knife near the hand that had held it. She recognized Corall, but he did not interest her; her concern was for her daughter, whose shriek had brought her to the scene of the trouble. Going on to the veranda, she took Inez from the American, tore away the clothing that covered the wound and began stanching the blood.

Jernegan gave a shrill call to the men in the camp, and the superintendent and several other men came to the house.

"Take that man away!" cried the engineer. "He tried to kill me. This girl threw herself in his way and received the blow."

Corall, who was still insensible, was taken up and carried to the rear of the house. Inez was supported to her room by her mother.

Jernegan thought it best to spend the night at the camp. On reaching it he told what he knew of the story. This was not much. He did not know who the man was who had attacked him, but surmised it was some Mexican—possibly interested in Inez—who had gringoes. Those engaged with him in construction work advised him to remain in camp with them, for, since he had excited antagonism, he was liable to be murdered. He had no stomach for the scene of his tragic adventure and took their advice.

Corall, who had been struck in a vital place, remained unconscious till a surgeon removed a fractured bone and its consequent pressure on the brain. Then he recovered consciousness, and it was not long before he was about again. He expressed much concern as to Inez's condition, his first words after regaining his senses being, "Have I killed her?" When he was assured that she was living and her wound was not mortal he expressed a wish to see her. But she would not grant it. As soon as he became able to go about by himself he was sent away without a word from her.

But four hours elapsed between the meeting of Jernegan and Inez and the climax of the drama. Each endured for a lifetime the consequences of a sudden outburst of love from her and a yielding to a momentary indiscretion on his part. They never met again. Indeed, Inez was soon convinced that another meeting would not be advisable. She realized the difference in their conditions. Why had she not done so in the first place? Because the flood came upon her too violently to admit of forethought.

PERSONALS.

Well-known Women.

Chatham, Ont.—"I was sick for about four years. Got very weak, could not eat to amount to anything. I got very thin and had no strength at all. I was very much discouraged at times—thought I was never going to get better. I could not walk a block without feeling all tired-out. I took different medicines but did not get the help I needed. A friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I began to take it with the 'Pleasant Pellets' and by the time I had taken two bottles I was well on the road to recovery, and in six months I was entirely well. My appetite came back and I gained in flesh. Now I am as strong and healthy as any one could wish to be. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's medicines and I am glad of the opportunity to give testimony in their favor; they have done wonders for me."—Miss THELMA PARKER, 141 E. King St.

Chatham, Ont.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's medicine with good results. I was weak and run down, lost my appetite and got very thin. I took 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets' and these two medicines built me up in a very short space of time so that I felt as well as ever. I found them to be all that is recommended of them; they are good."—Mrs. WM. WEESE, Cor. Taylor & Grand Ave., E. Chatham, Ont.

Every woman who has backache, headache, low spirits, sleepless nights, owes it to herself to speedily overcome the trouble before a breakdown causes prostration. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a non-alcoholic remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots and herbs with pure glycerine, containing tonic properties.

HOW APPENDICITIS CAN BE PREVENTED

Watford people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler's, often relieve or prevent appendicitis. This simple mixture removes such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost any case of constipation, sour stomach or gas. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Adler's has easiest and most thorough action of anything we ever sold. Taylor & Son, druggist.

DELAYED INAUGURATION.

Why Washington Had to Wait Until April 30 in 1789.

Although March 4 is the date set by law for the inauguration of our presidents, there was one occasion when the rule was not observed, for George Washington was inaugurated on April 30, 1789, instead of March 4.

When the constitution had been ratified by the requisite number of states the Continental congress by resolution of Sept. 13, 1788, set the first Wednesday of the following March (March 4, 1789) as the "time for commencing proceedings" under the new form of government.

Owing to delays of various kinds, such as difficulties of travel, etc., members of the first congress were very slow to assemble in New York, and a quorum of both houses was not obtained until April 6. The counting of the electoral vote, the notification of Washington and his journey from Mount Vernon to New York took until April 23, and his inauguration was set for April 30.

His term of office was, however, construed as having commenced on March 4, the date set by the Continental congress for the inauguration of the new government, and so it came to an end on March 4, 1793, although it lacked nearly two months of the four years provided for by the constitution.

CATCH THEM AND KILL THEM.

Don't Keep Fish Alive After You Get Them Out of the Water.

Probably nine-tenths of the fishermen hereabouts make the mistake of trying to keep their fish alive after they are caught on the theory that the fish will taste better after they get home and prepare them for the pan for cooking. They string them and keep them in the water or let them die in the creel.

The custom is a mistake, according to the experts. They declare the best way is to kill the fish the moment it is landed by pushing its head back and thus breaking the neck or giving it a hard blow on the head. Then take a knife and "bleed" them by running the knife blade around the bottom of the gills.

"In order to get your fish home without any discoloration," declares a veteran angler, "take along a yard or two of white cheesecloth, and as soon as the fish is caught kill it and bleed it. Then dampen the cloth and wrap up each fish separately, taking care that no two fish touch each other."

"By doing this you will find that the fish will retain all the color marking just as clear and bright as when it was first taken from the water and the fish will be sweet and palatable."

Napoleon's Custodian at St. Helena.

Sir Hudson Lowe, the man appointed by England to be the custodian of the emperor, arrived at St. Helena on April 14, 1816. His appearance was not prepossessing. He was extraordinarily thin, with a stiff carriage. He had a long, bony face, blotched with red and scanty hair of a dirty yellow color. His hollow eyes gleamed under thick, reddish eyebrows, but were furtive and restless, never looking straight at any one save by stealth.

"That is a bad man," declared Napoleon when he had seen him. "His eyes as he examined me were like a hyena's caught in a trap."

He really resembled this horrid, stony animal in its walk as well as in hair and eyes. He never sat down when he was talking, but swung about hesitatingly and with abrupt jerks.—"With Napoleon at St. Helena."

Life's Little Tragedies.

A youth dashed into the florist's shop.

"There was something wrong about those red roses you sent the lady on Lincoln avenue," he declared.

"I'm sure they were sent," replied the florist. "I remember the order. You said you wanted the very cheapest ones, a dozen and a quarter. Here, Joe."

The new boy came forward.

"You remember those roses you took to Lincoln avenue. Sure you got the address right?"

"Yes, sir. I took it off the bill for 'em, sir."

"Bring the bill here."

"I can't, sir. I put it in the box with the roses!"

London's Backward Suburb.

Wimbledon proved itself in one respect the most backward of London suburbs. Until 1902 the streets of Wimbledon were still lit by oil, and the lamplighter could be seen every evening making his rounds, with his ladder on his shoulder. The Wimbledon lamplighter used matches instead of tinder and steel, but otherwise his methods were the same as those pursued by his predecessors in the days of Queen Anne.—London Mail.

Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor, duty initiated by all my clerks. Oh, dear! What have I done? Actually sent it around to be duly noted by the whole staff without taking the trouble to look at it!

Of Some Use.

"Gentlemen," remarked the professor, "the general function of the heads of several learned members of this class is to keep their neckties from slipping off."

The true services of life are inestimable in money and are never paid.—H. L. Stevenson.

A Sure Thing. Bill—Are we 'downhearted'? Tom—No, but I'm fearfully tired. It's nervous exhaustion, I guess. Bill—Well, there's no need to say tired. Tom. Go and get a box of Takake pills. They'll fix you up. Fifty cents a box at your druggists, or by mail from the Georgian Mfg. Co., Collingwood, Ont.